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Boston Latin School
REGISTER

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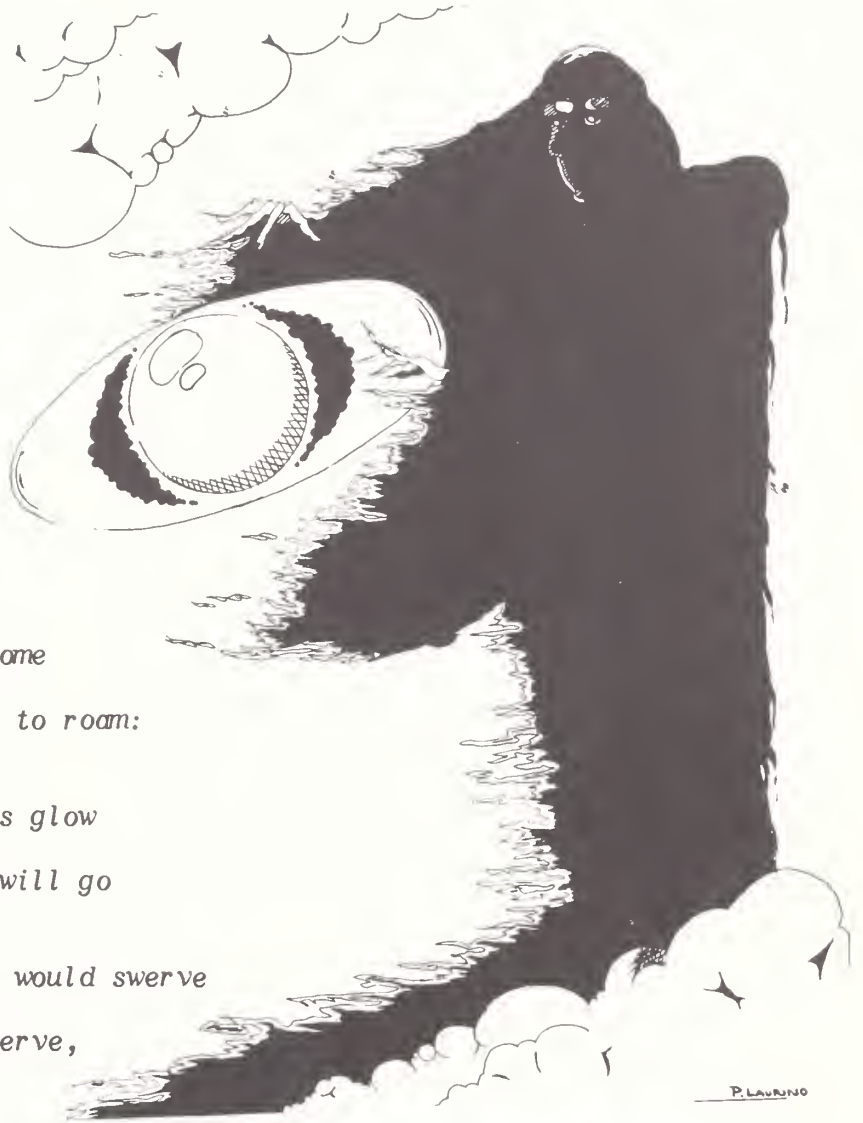
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Cover Design

Ying Wong

TO THE READER: We hope you have enjoyed this issue of the Latin School *REGISTER*. This, however is not the last issue of this year. There will be two more. The next will be the commemorative issue for the 350th year of Boston Latin School. It is a very important and special issue. The *REGISTER* is, as always, looking for contributions from the students of Latin School from all classes, VI through I. We want your prose, poetry, and art, because this is your magazine. You may submit material to any of the editors or to the Faculty Advisor, Mr. Roche.

THE EDITORS



ONE NIGHT

A chilly night enclosed my home
and darkness swelled inside,
when loosened thoughts began to roam:
my sense got sick and died.

On hellish nights when houses glow
do monsters hunt their prey.
Afraid? Why be? The night will go
and soon will come the day.

I thought just once the moon would swerve
my weakened, dripping sense,
but moonlight is but optic nerve,
while fear of such is dense.

So as I watched the shining ball
that in my forehead lay,
I shivered as the surface all
was covered, turning grey.

The shadow passed before the night,
descended to my brain,
and struck the wooden door with might.
JUST THUNDER! Then it rained.

Imagine! Thinking rumbles knocks
from phantoms in the night!
Don't listen when your conscience talks,
and don't turn out the light...

- Tracy Blackmer

REUNION

The school seems
so
small AND tiny
Now
Almost
A decade has passed
Since I've
roamed
The halls of this
school.
I can climb
the steps
1 & 1
at a time.
Think rows of
grass line the
ground
where I used to
play squash
at recess (remember that?)

The graffiti that
I
never
understood
(could you?)
has become
paler
. It's
suffering
a malignant
disease.

surrounding
The school the
brightly colored pictures
on the
cement walls
have
faded
into
quite
unaffected
pastels.
Replaced with
Radio stations and
Heavy metal bands
decorated
in

NEON ORANGE!!

I gaze at
this little institution
as though it were
a friend
I hadn't seen
in years...
I am stunned by the
decrepid
transformatio
Fading fast.
We sit in
polite silence

- Christine LaRosa

JAILBREAK

My brother now is gleaming white,
Somewhere deep in space;
A perfect, virgin shaft of light
A-mocking Human race.
Pere Adam cried, "Oh let me out!
My body is a cage!"
The unseen viewer heard his shout
And thought it worth a stage.
Thus we from Adam's rib were cleft,
For cosmic extras in this life -
My brother entered rear stage left,
His exit was a knife.
My brother fled this Earthly jail,
No longer trapped in mortal pale.

- Joshua Glenn

"MIME"

I am the Mime,
Screaming without being heard.
I try to attach
Images not in sight.
I demonstrate
The inconceivable thoughts.

I pull a rope
Which isn't there.
I push a wall
Which others penetrate.
I am held by a wind
Which lets others pass.

I am vain
In a silent way.
I am humble
In my conceit.
I am a man
In a closed, invisible box.

- Robert O'Leary

HOPELESS DREAMS

"The season of love
Is here once again,
And I sit here alone,
Armed with paper and pen,
To write a couplet,
A triplet or two
Of heartfelt thoughts
I've dreamt of you."

It doesn't take a poet
To compose a simple rhyme
Or one who's studied meters
Or verses for quite sometime.
I have feelings in my heart
That I'm trying so hard to say,
But I'll never be another
Edna St. Vincent Millay.
I've scratched out and erased,
Yet my labors are in vain.
I've rearranged and changed,
But my thoughts I can't explain.
Because I hold all poets
In the highest regard,
I think I'll just give up
And buy my love a card.

- Jennifer Coates



THE MAKING OF
"BE KILLED OR GET KILLED"

by Paul Laurino

Scene: A room with a large table in the center around which there are four chairs. Against the right wall is a cabinet. The room is a meeting room of a movie studio executive. The studio obviously makes cheap, B-grade horror movies. This is evident from the numerous posters on the walls advertising films like "The Night of the Blood-Sucking Midgets" and "The house of Steaming Heaps of Guts" and from the fact that the room is well furnished because the studio's movies make a lot of money.

Enter L.N. Schaefer - Producer, K.S. Peabody - Director, L.B. Dutch - Writer, and I.J. Dorsey - Writer. The producer and director sit on the left of the table facing the writers on the right. L.N. lights a pipe, K.S. sits patiently, I.J. and L.B. shuffle the papers of a script in their hands.

L.N.: *Waits until all have settled then addresses the writers. Okay, fellas what have you written for the plot of our next movie?*

L.B.: Oh, you're going to love this one, L.N.

I.J.: This one is great. It will top all the others. Picture this. There's this neoschizoid psychomaniac...

L.B.: who lurks about killing young girls and boys...

I.J.: in all different manners...

L.B.: with all these different weapons...

I.J.: until there is finally only one girl left...

L.B.: but she fights back...

I.J.: and by tricking the schizo-psycho neomaniac...

L.B.: she kills him...

I.J.: only she thinks he's dead...

L.B.: because all this nice and soothing music is played...

I.J.: but suddenly the neopsychotic-maniacal schizo leaps back through the window...

L.B.: or the door...

I.J.: and he kills the surprised heroine...

L.B.: except we only think she's dead...

I.J.: because the camera fades out...

L.B.: but when it fades back...

I.J.: we see she lives but ends up in a mental hospital because she is crazy from shock!

The writers take deep breaths after finishing. Then all fall back in their chairs and exhale deeply, drained by the power of the story. L.N. whistles in amazed approval.

L.N.: A superb job, gentlemen. I am impressed! Such poignancy, intricacies...

I.J.: Yeah, it took days to write.

L.B.: Nearly a week. We had to be alert to the twists and turns in the plot to keep from getting lost ourselves.

I.J.: I couldn't tell you how often we had to labor late into the

mid afternoon with this one.

L.N.: I can imagine. But time well spent.

K.S.: It's certainly good. But you know the public's taste. *He sighs.* They aren't satisfied with just a story; they need a gimmick.

L.B.: K.S. is right. We need to think of some gimmick to hook them.

L.N.: We need something trendy...

K.S.: Something kids will go for...

I.J.: I've got it!

K.S.: What?

L.N.: What is it?

L.B.: Tell us.

I.J.: The killer is a breakdancer. He pops and locks and flips and flops then WHACK, off with a girl's head...

K.S.: a headspin, then THUD, into a cripple's chest with a machete.

L.B.: We'll call it Slashdance.

L.N.: Ugh!

K.S.: Really, L.B., you're so gruesome sometimes.

L.B.: Sorry.

L.N.: Okay now K.S., whom do we have for actors?

K.S.: Well, I've already gotten hold of the four beautiful young girls and the romantic male lead. Any day now I should be getting the nerd and eccentric old man who warns the teenagers about the mad killer but who don't listen to him and go on anyway. But I'm having trouble locating the actual killer.

L.B.: Don't worry, we can use anybody, just don't show his face, just his shoes.

L.B.: Okay then, the supporting cast is taken care of. Whom do we have for the leading actors?

K.S.: The axe, chainsaw, icepick, and corkscrew have already arrived. We're negotiating their contracts downstairs.

L.B.: Is the axe still demanding larger cuts? *Chuckles*

L.N.: Now, how about the murders? How are they going to happen?

I.J.: Well the kids will be inside this cabin, see. And the killer sneaks into a room upstairs where there is this one girl. He drills the corkscrew through her head and pulls it off. A boy downstairs hears the pop and thinks the girl has opened a bottle of wine...

L.B.: So he goes upstairs to drink with the girl, but when he walks in the door the killer thrusts the icepick...

L.M.: Wait, guys, forget it. Don't tell me the movie. I'll go see it.

K.S.: Then if we have the story all figured out, now all we need is a title.

I.J. gets up and goes to the cabinet on which sits a glass bowl full of slips of paper. He brings the bowl to the table, sets it down, and reaches in.

K.S.: What does the first slip of paper say?

I.J.: Un, Death on Golden Pond.

L.M.: Nah, too sappy.

I.J.: He pulls out another. Blood, Blood, Blood, and Blood.

K.S.: Too long.

I.J.: Reaches in again. Blood.

L.N.: Too short.

I.J.: Sighs, reaches in and pulls out another. Kill or Be Killed.

L.N.: No...wait! It's close.

K.S.: Yeah, just change it a little.

L.N.: Make it closer to the movie.

L.B.: Be Killed or Get Killed.

L.N.: Yes! That's it!

I.J.: Great.

L.N.: When can you guys finish the film?

K.S.: Well, today is Monday, so probably not until Thursday.

L.N.: Okay, but try to watch yourself. I don't want you going over budget.

K.S.: You haven't given us a budget yet.

L.N.: Oh yeah, here you go. Reaches into his pocket and hands K.S. a roll of bills. Okay, we'll meet again at the end of the week for the next film.

K.S.: Sure thing. Goodbye gentlemen.

I.J.: Goodbye gentlemen.

L.B.: Goodbye gentlemen.

L.N.: Goodbye gentlemen.

Exeunt

"STEREOTYPED"

*Two streetlights, across from each other,
Cast two shadows of me on the road.*

One to the left, one to the right.

*I try to walk between them,
But they stay in front of me.
Just when they disappear, and
I am free;*

Two more streetlights cast shadows in front of me.

- Robert O'Leary

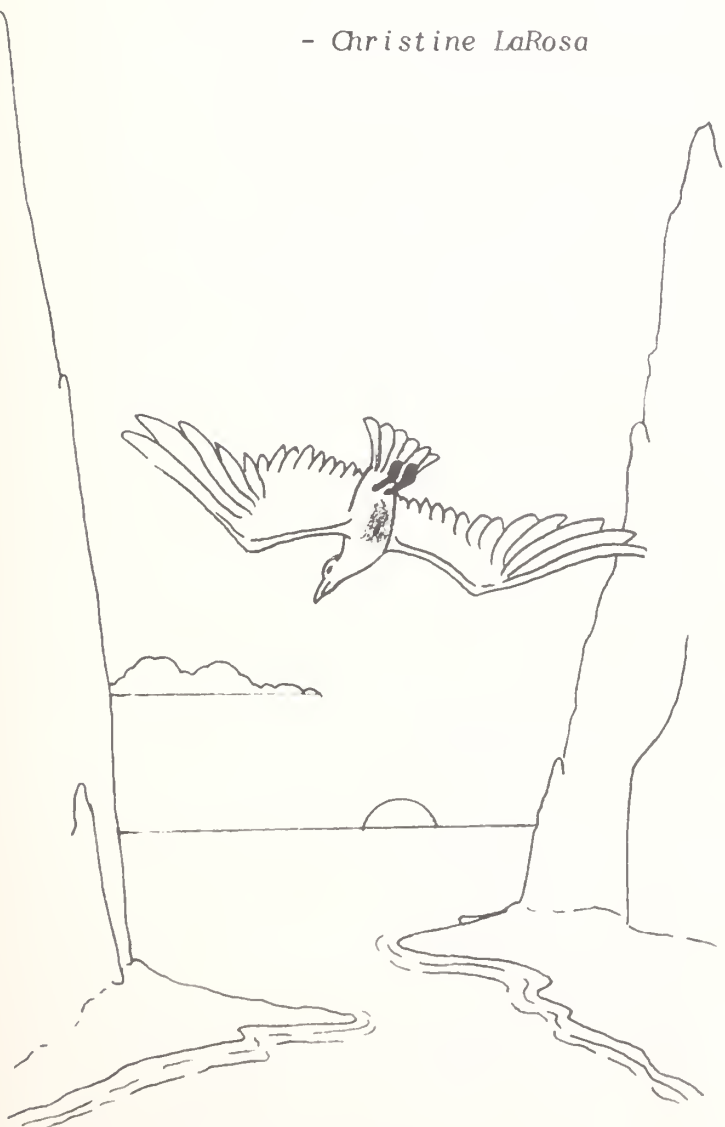
REALITY'S DREAM

An image.

The flamingo transports
its elegant body
across the peaceful
lake.

A reflection in the waters of
muddy paradise.

- Christine LaRosa



Pink fingernails,
Cracked hair,
 brighter and more unnatural
 than a yellow volkswagon.
She stands on two precipices,
 tired
 but firm;
 at home tilted forward.
Jellybean colored lips
 wrinkled from use.

She
Well knows what she is;
 not who,
 not how,
 not why,
 only what,
And thinks sometimes that it is
 enough.
But other times,
 she wonders
And searches their faces
 to try
 to understand.
She must eat.
God

 gave all of it to her,
It must be all right.
Long fingers,
 bony, dry and ugly;
 perhaps
 no one will notice them;
 the rest of her
 is beautiful.
She smiles
 and buries her hands
 in her skirt.
The rest of her
Is beautiful.

- R.E. Adams

LAND OF LIBERTY

When the land of liberty,
lost its dignity,
they took me by the arm.

They said "Young soldier,
now that you're older,
you can fight in Vietnam."

So they gave me a gun,
and said "Listen son,
do the best you can.":

But did we have the right,
to start a fight?
I still don't understand.

It was a sad end,
for my good friend,
who was killed one fine day.

The remnants of a shell,
left an endless smell,
as his body slowly decayed.

When I got back home,
I felt so alone,
no one gave a damn.

We fought for the rest,
to stay home and protest,
I still don't understand.

To my surprise,
it was for enterprise,
in that Asian land.

But I had been taught,
that we had fought,
for good ol' Uncle Sam.

- Corka

RAINDROPS

Raindrops -
Colorless forgotten dreams
Swiftly falling without a sound
Each one followed in succession
By another.

Hastily
Forming a sea of memories
In the melting winter snow
Never ceasing nor disturbing
Anybody.

Raindrops -
Tiny pools of liquid ice
Never escaping the ground below...
Flowing steadily from my eyes
Since you've been gone.

- Kimberly Gatto

"MISERY"

Let us tempt Death.
We are determined.
It is the Emptiness
We rush towards.
It is the Feelings
We push away.
Let us destroy the Precious.
We are the lonely.

- Robert O'Leary

NIGHT IN PEACE

Alone under a lamp finds no fact,
save the absence of destinations,
which proves that this is a Sunday dawn
not a Friday night after the day.
He wanders into November. On this
Friday night, taking his place in the
line of what he knows is greater,
might pull on the awkward wool cap of
redorangeyellow and feeling his place,
go out. Mind dancing along the duskdawn
silver pavement, the scales rise and fall
with the waits, wants and whys of his
everyday before. Three sides become one
and a decision is made to not
again break the symmetry. Mind through
eyes finds the coach which, with no flash and
no siren, has awakened to the fear
of those behind the blinds. He feels with them
the enigma: who, left behind the
slamming doors of the silent coach, knows?
That which hundred-fold dives through the doors
of his Monday train is only space
until, with the closing of those last doors,
it becomes absence: the space, somehow,
is lost. Redorangeyellow on the silver,
he kneels with the eruption of a
whole new fault in his symmetry. He
feels his birth. He cries to wonder if the
sun would riseset if he had slept through the
night in peace.

- Lori O'Dea

DECEPTION IN THE DARKNESS

Tempt me with your sweet
whispers of rapture
Bribe me with your beautiful
images of bliss
Deceive me with your sensual
lies
Awaken me when I fall prey to your
overwhelming force
of dreaming.

- Christine LaRosa

"WASTED ON THE YOUNG"

by Rachel Ellis Adams

STANDING there in the old, hollow, school hallway, her head spinning, she stared at the three figures in front of her. What were they doing, moving about like that, laughing? She stood there, she watched them. Her rolled-up sleeve fell from her elbow. They talked so easily. Their voices sounded unstrained and comfortable, and their movements just flowed. She imagined for a moment that they were all under water and her small, slender body was consumed by the thought.

Suddenly two of them were gone and one was addressing her.

"Is something wrong?" it asked, "You look kinna out'vit." It was too late for that. It should have said that weeks ago. She must look terrible; no one had noticed before. She wondered if she would look this bad if someone had said that weeks ago.

"Heather?"

It was too late for that.

"Yeah, I'm sorry. I'm fine."

She wasn't fine. She wasn't anything. Able only to see and hear as if things were two-dimensional, she knew that if she closed her eyes the under-water shadow would disappear. If only she could touch it. She started to reach out her lonejeweled hand but was interrupted.

"Are you sure?"

Goddammit! Her hand dropped. Didn't it hear? She said it was too late for that, it was too late for asking and wondering. Why didn't anyone ever listen? Why was everyone so deaf?

"Yeah. Really. I'm just over-tired..." and over-worked and over-pressed and over-the-edge. What if it could read her mind?

"Oh, aren't we all!" The silhouette laughed again with the same liquid movements as before and then mumbled on about something. "tests...late...such a jerk...tired--"

Yes, she was tired; her tiny feet were like cinder-blocks on the hard floor. She tried to remember the last time she'd had a good night's sleep but found she couldn't control her thoughts at all. Images of grey eveningcorners turning suddenly to grey morningcorners began to filter in before her eyes. Her insides cramped at the sound of her alarm clock.

She wished she could be alone. She imagined this body in front of her saying 'See you tomorrow' and then suddenly she needed to grab its woolen arm and clutch it until she could breathe again. She didn't. She pushed her sleeve up her arm and tried to concentrate on the words buzzing in her ears.

"No, nothing at the moment," she heard herself say, not even completely sure she'd made any sense. She couldn't be sure if anything made any sense anymore. She certainly didn't know what she'd done to deserve such a headache.

"Julie and I...Friday--What?--oh, Wednesday" had she asked that out loud?

"Only Wednesday?!" she said. The dread of the next two days struck a pain in her chest. Could she make it until Friday? If she could just make it until Friday everything would be

all right. Everything must be all right.

Reopening her reddened eyes, she noticed the expression facing her had changed. "Are you all right?" she heard.

Oh she hated that! How dare it ask? How dare it even ask? Of course she was all right, she had to be all right, she was always all right. Was it possible to be anything else? She hardened the clench of her teeth.

"You look like you're in pain or something."

Or something. What a stupid thing to say, stupid. She was sick, just plain sick of stupidity. It seemed constantly to fill her whole head.

--But it had been visible then. If those eyes had seen it, others could have too. Why hadn't they said something? Why hadn't they asked? They didn't ask. They never asked. They didn't care. They hated her. They hated her. So what? She hated them back, all of them, every last stinking one.

She blinked, shrugged and shook her bursting head. So stupid. They're all so stupid.

But for God's sake--why didn't they care? Why didn't anyone care?

That voice droned on and was eventually drowned out by all the voices in her head. What a bunch of idiots. Self-involved, uncaring, hypocritical idiots who couldn't care less and couldn't understand even if they did care. What right had they to tell her it was a "phase"?

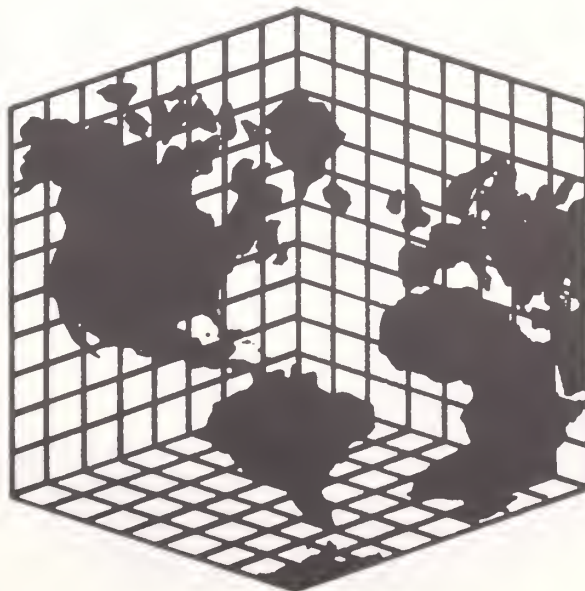
A phase. It must be a phase.

She looked again at the figure still in front of her whose mouth was moving and whose heart was beating. They never understood. They just never understood.

"...rest." And then it was gone.

Rest. She looked at the clock, concentrated a second or two, and then suddenly a gust of solid emptiness swept into her entire body. Her now cat-like eyes searched the vacant halls frantically for the soothing voice, but it had left her. It was too late for that anyway. Why hadn't anyone listened?

A tear dripped slowly, silently out of the rage that could only sit in her eyes and landed, unnoticed, without a splash, on the old hard-wooden floor. Within a quarter of an hour it had seeped through the cracks and disappeared.



As I watched the patterns on the ocean's surface
Merge, and flow into each other, and become one,
And then form new shapes, as the wind shifted,
I thought, I could sit here, on this rock by the
Bayberry bushes, forever, and still be
Enchanted by the ocean.

And the delicate smell of honeysuckle
Filled the air, and hypnotized the senses,
Like a wild kind of opium, like
Water hypnotizes the sight.
Far away the drone of a plane could be
heard, mixing with the sighs of leaves
Dancing in the breeze; I knew, then,
Why I felt so attached to this small island,
This miniature Paradise.

It was the seagulls' plaintive calls,
Piercing the stillness; the song the surf makes,
As thousands of pebbles roll back, then forth,
Then back again, repeating again and again
The same eternal rhythm.

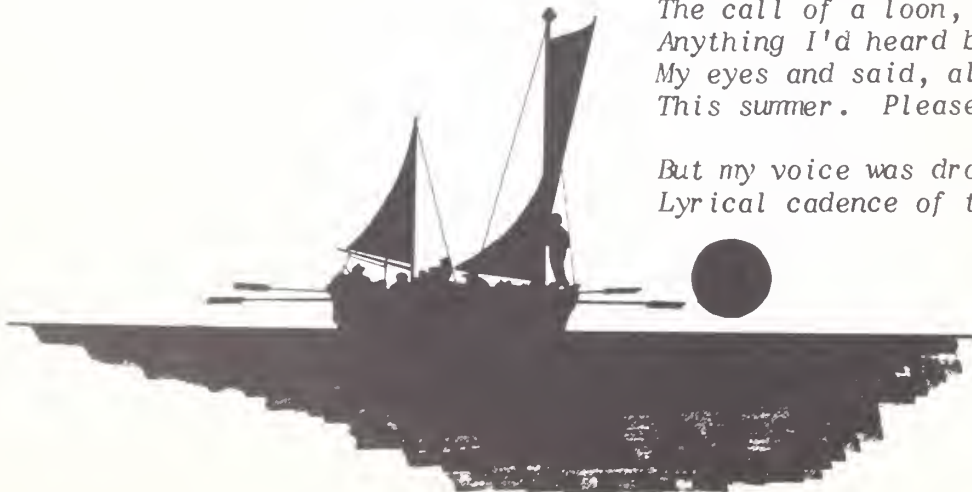
It was the beckoning moan of the foghorn,
Lulling me to sleep, or drawing me
Outside, and down, to the shore, where the
Murmur of the sea became an urgent
Wail, and where seagulls reeled
To the music of the ocean.

- Charlotte Mandell

And at night, when everything was
Obscured by a heavy fog of black,
I could hear the incessant tolling
Of Bell 6 in the distance,
Reminding me of sailing in the mist,
The sailboat gliding silently
Through the water, and the reassuring
Chime of the bell, hidden by the haze.

Once, on a clear starlit night, I went
Swimming in the sea, and as I floated,
The moon facing me and the midnight sky
Spinning around my head, I heard
The call of a loon, more sorrowful than
Anything I'd heard before, and I closed
My eyes and said, aloud, I'm going away
This summer. Please miss me.

But my voice was drowned out by the
Lyrical cadence of the sea.



Oh Patty Patty pumpkin pie,
Rotting six feet deep;
 A truly sinful way to die,
 I pray the Lord his soul to keep.
Oh Patty Patty ripped and torn,
Your belly spilling meat;
 Cruise-control since you were born,
 Fated for defeat.
Oh Patty Patty bloody blade,
Made suicide a craft;
 A thousand loyal friends he made,
 Who watched him die and laughed.
Oh Patty Patty my best friend,
Madman to the bitter end.

- Joshua Glenn

MIDNIGHT SHADOWS

Midnight shadows.
Reflections of
Darkness.
The shimmering moon
casts a
Ray of Despair
on the ceiling.

- Christine LaRosa

BAUDELAIRE: "CORRESPONDANCES"

Nature is a temple where living pillars
Sometimes allow the escape of confused phrases;
Man passes through forests of symbols
Which observe him with familiar gazes.

Like long echoes which mingle from afar
In a unity both profound and tenebrous,
Vast like the night, clear as the stars,
Smell the color and music coalesce.

There are fresh odors like a child's clean skin,
With the sweetness of oboes, with the greenness of
prairies.
-- And there are other smells, triumphant and rich
yet corrupt within,

Having the expansion of infinite things,
Like amber, musk, gum, and incense,
Which sing of the ecstasies of spirit and sense.

- Translation by
Thomas DeFreitas

THE ESSENCE OF LIFE

There is no hill to climb, nor mountain yet to conquer,
but like my fellow man, my mind is full of wonders.
The stillness of a placid sea, however normal a sight,
brings to my mind a welcomed and refreshing light.

My dreams of glory and fortune quickly fade away
when I am faced with the threat of a senseless war each day.
Returning to my simple world, my companions pain and hunger
assure me of my bitter death with a deafening clash of
thunder.

But all these things I've spoken of seem trivial to me
compared to what I know for sure is very soon to be:

This essence of life, which is stronger than my bones,
is, of course, my front-row ticket to see the Rolling
Stones

- Diego Martinez-Paz

HELICON REVISITED

Moonlight dapples my skin
As a roaming zephyr
Glides fleetingly through damp tendrils,
Forming small whorls on the sand,
Making lappets on the waves, and
Whistling through the tall grass.
I hear the rhythmic slapping of the water,
Meeting dinghies striving
To escape their moorings.

Then, for a moment, silence reigns.
Even the wings of insects still with wonder,

Until I breathe again,
Ripping the fabric of enchantment.

The nocturnal pulse of the beach resumes.

Look at the hermit crab,
See how he scuttles in terror from
The shadows cast by the menacing rocks.

- Kristin Daly



NIRVANA

A path cuts through the woods ahead
and holds its wonders safe,
for blocking it are briars dead -
like flowers on the grave.

The berries on the briars bear
a likeness to a sweet,
but touching them the skin would tear,
and cause a sure defeat.

The beauty of the scene is great,
but something lies beyond,
and, after all, the path is straight
and easy, once you're on.

But how to overcome the thorns
that block its single way?
To jump, and risk the body torn,
or stand and wish all day?

Adventure overcomes at last
and off to death I go.
I set to jump by running fast
till soon I'm flying low.

As I rise and look around,
the sight dumfounds my eyes.
I sense that I will ne'er come down,
but live among the skies.

Then - crash - and I have hit a floor
of soft and yielding grass.
What shows itself, I've seen before
in dreams. I'm home at last!

The briars change to golden gates,
the berries, precious stones.
But ne'er can I such sights relate -
A shame I was alone!

The beauty in my knowledge land
has lessened not today,
but ne'er will another man
step on this grass, they say.

For I have found my glory place,
and, safely, I belong;
on earth they call it peace or grace
that I have found. They're wrong.

- Tracy Blackmer

STORY

Kate Guiney

YES, it was weird. Mickey smiled, staring at the manila walls, plastered with posters. And all those models. He ran his fingers lovingly over the fragile, miniature airplanes. And his U.S. Air Force jacket. Everything was the same as he'd left it, eight years ago.

"Well, professor?" his mother asked anxiously. "Nothing's changed."

Mickey smiled again. What an obsession it had been: airplanes. He remembered Grandpa Lewis, sitting those summer evenings on the back porch, telling him the story of Icarus and Daedalus when he was six. To fly...and feel the wind ruffle one's hair, and glide gently down to earth.

"...and higher and higher still Icarus flew, and felt himself soar, soar into thin air. But he didn't listen to old Deadalus. No sir. He was so happy he just kept flying, and you know what happened then?"

"What?" gasped Mickey, spell-bound.

"He flew too close to the sun and melted the wax clean off his feathers and dashed his skull to pieces."

"But how did it feel to fall?" Mickey had demanded, dissatisfied with the anticlimactic end. Grandpa had spat and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Well, son, I don't know. I ain't never fell, so I can't tell you."

Mickey would return home for dinner with a vague sense of having been cheated.

Then had come the fascination with airplanes, all through school, to the exclusion of everything else. His mother would sometimes tentatively say at the breakfast table, "Oh, Mickey, Mrs. Cox says she'd be

happy to drive you and Andy over to the dance tomorrow night." Mickey would look faintly amused by his mother's attempts, and say, "That's nice of Mrs. Cox, mom, but you know I'd rather just stay home and put my time to better use."

"Surely, Ethel," her husband would interject, "we can't punish the boy for studying."

"No...no, it's just I don't think Mickey ever has any fun," she said doubtfully.

"It takes all kinds," Mickey's dad would say complacently, and return to reading his paper.

Mickey had done extremely well in school. He had a natural aptitude for Mathematics. His teacher had explained to his mother that Math was to Mickey what sports were to other boys. And his guidance counselor had assured her that she should leave him alone. "People just mature at different speeds." So Mickey's mother had given in and allowed her son to toil away at his models and diagrams, hidden away up in his bedroom on Saturday nights.

Then had come the Air Force, and actually flying. But almost immediately, Mickey was dissatisfied. Flying machines just wasn't true enough, pure enough. It wasn't really flying. Somewhere, beneath the metal and motor, Mickey searched for the core of flying.

He turned to physics, which answered the questions about why some things could fly and others couldn't and presented him with other potentials that fascinated him. His endless studying increased.

Then it all ended. He remember coming home late from the library and finding the house empty. He remember-

ed picking up his mother's hastily scrawled note, and he remembered the tense words, digging into the note pad: "At City Hospital."

The rain had been awful. Mickey felt a pang, remembering his calm. Maybe mom had had chest pain again. But where was dad?

Dad, he had found out, was floating in the Atlantic Ocean, amidst the wreckage of Flight 1801 from London. Grandpa Lewis' heart, never strong, had reacted fatally to the news, and he had been sped in an ambulance to the hospital, his daughter-in-law at his side. He had died within the hour.

Flying...such a wonderful thing, but man-made machines had distorted it all, and had taken two of the only three people he cared about.

And then...

Now he turned away from his room his mother following him into the parlor.

"I never should have tried to come home, mom. I said I wouldn't,

and I shouldn't have." His mother reached out to touch him, and then stopped herself, returning her hand to the other one, slowly wringing them. Perhaps it was too soon. They had warned her, but he had seemed determined to come.

Later that night, he sat admiring the purple sky, sipping his scotch. He had been to the Skyview before, a restaurant perched atop a towering skyscraper. The open horizon always calmed him. Okay, he'd admit coming back had upset him, but it was better to face it than to run away. Running away was his trouble. He had finally done it now, finally come home.

He got up restlessly and walked over to the rails, admiring the vista of the city sprawled out beneath him. A warm breeze played with his hair and he smiled, and remembered his childish fantasy of sailing on the wind, free, like Icarus, unencumbered by any instruments.

He stepped over the railing and flew.

"AUTUMN LEAVES"

*How beautiful are the colors
All around us!
So brilliant, they delight and
Even astound us.*

*We applaud as they fall, so gently
To the ground.
We relish because they never
Make a sound.*

*How wonderful are the colors
Which they possess!
How enthralled are we all
In others' deaths!*

- Robert O'Leary

I

Sitting
in the rain staying dry without getting wet
reading Campbell's- Poems- for- One
I never did eat right but she always had extra toothbrushes
and rolls of toilet paper
It must be Autumn
I should be changing color - or dancing
No - you should be working
I continue to sit
not yet wet - it's snowing
Sitting, watching, twirling
perpetual (e)motion without ever actually being moved
I'm not afraid
No - you're not afraid - you're sitting
it's cold - I'm shaking, breaking...
Will this storm never end?
Will this poem never end?
Are they the same?
I'm wet.

II

It's music
not yet a song
longing for lyrics
something's getting through
it must be the answer.
No - there's more
Frantically the leaves are pulled out of the bag
Come on - try and catch me
Hopscotch - one mississippi, two mississippi
ready or not - here I come
counting by fives - I'll help
But the leaves! They're not in right! We have to do it over!
Listen!
let's play
Later - waiting for Romeo - one mississippi, two mississippi
the words are exploding - ignored
LET'S PLAY
knocked down by a spinning disk
dumped out on the ground for everyone to analyze
it's a baroque modern sculpture, it's a song
one mississippi, two mississippi
the scribbling begins - but again, they're not in right
now they won't fit - multiplying - will you help?
a scream - oh, it's a girl
another scream - still no help
she picks herself up
one mississippi x two mississippi = ?
I won! I won!
It is a baroque modern sculpture, a song, a question

III

The rain falls
The leaves fall
She gets up
"But it's fall - alarmed, surprised
"No, I'm happy" - breathless, ecstatic
butterflies - illusions - but it's not?
metamorphosis - awakening - lavender
Fall - echo - echo - echo,
"No! Where's the boulevard?"
it's a nuclear baby - let's dance, let's sing, let's fall in
love! - fall - fall fall
OVERWHELMING - overwhelmed
"the leaves are pretty" - confused
"I don't think it's science - it's" - what is it?
She's afraid to say, to know - echo, echo
To a pulp she beats the pessimism
SLAM! WHACK! - blood on her knuckle
it's me - what's happening? - crying, pain
It must be fall.
No time - no help - good time - good god!
Wondering - imagining?
No, it's real
real - red - blood.
The rain falls
The leaves fall
She sighs - dead.

THE CITY

The sounds of feet, and a million voices,
The sounds of motion,
The sounds of doors, opening and closing,
This is my city.

- Katie Hennessey

The color of day -
Bright reds, greens and white
Unified in their chaos
Over shades of gray and brown
This is my city.

The lack of color at night,
Bright white lights
On the streets
And in the sky;
Surrounded by an absence of color
This is my city.

One hundred thousand
People
Unified by their need to rise above
This chaos
This is my city.

- Arnold J. Kemp

STREAM OF BURGUNDY

If only you and I could sail a stream of burgundy,
there beneath the scarlet skies the two of us shall be.
In my dreams I see the tides of love swallow you and I,
on a stream of burgundy, beneath a scarlet sky.

If only we could sail the sea of madness through and through,
inside my wooden ship that I have christened just for you,
But if the tides are strong and rock the bow into a stone,
then at last the two of us could finally be alone.

If only there was a special time set for you and I,
on a stream of burgundy, beneath a scarlet sky.
In my dreams I see the dusty roads never seem to end,
love will survive the tide that divides for you my lovely friend.

If only my song could sail its hollow way to your empty heart,
then the love that we shall share will never fall apart.
On an island far away from all, will stand you and I,
facing the morning sun, beneath the scarlet sky.

If a dream had ever had the chance to finally become true,
then it should be this lovely dream that I have dreamt for you.
The tides shall wash away every tear that you could cry,
on a stream of burgundy, beneath the scarlet sky.

- Corka

TOGETHER

A Strong hand
strokes the woman's shoulder.
In return, her small hand
wanders over the smoothness of his face.
It is now they feel the depths
of each others souls.

Between them is the love
wrought by time;
the desire and the need
created by that love;
the giving, the taking and the sharing
conceived by their unity.

Within each of their bodies
glows the fire of their hearts.
From each set of eyes
radiates the flush of their passion.

They are together.

- kim zambik

MIDNIGHT RIDE

Moonbeams crash through an attic
Window scattering ivory shards
Upon a splintered wall where
Cracks run haphazard
Across the surface vanishing
Forever into dark corners.

Boxes, crates piled high
Dust hides items unwanted
And forgotten. Books and toys
Await someone to discover them
And explore the secrets
Held deep within.

A wooden horse sits lonely
Waiting for someone to ride him
Across the plains of imagination
Into the valley of dreams
But now mourns quietly
A riderless steed.

Paint flecks lie on the floor
Leaving the mount a dappled gray.
Leather reins torn in two
Hang draped over a rawhide
Saddle blanketed with
A layer of dust.

Dark, empty eyes stare endlessly
Out towards the moon
Almost pleading to be rescued
From this barren place.
But the moon ignores them
And continues on its way.



Suddenly the door swings open
And the room is bathed in light by
A wrinkled man and a small boy
Whose eyes sparkle bright
As they descend upon
This glorious surprise.

The boy springs upon the saddle
And grabs the tattered reins
And howling in sheer ecstasy
Rides his faithful horse
On distant journeys
Long into the night.

All too soon he goes away
To get his needed sleep
But the horse keeps on rocking
With a sparkle in his eye,
Bright enough
To vie with the moon.

- Duncan Coakley

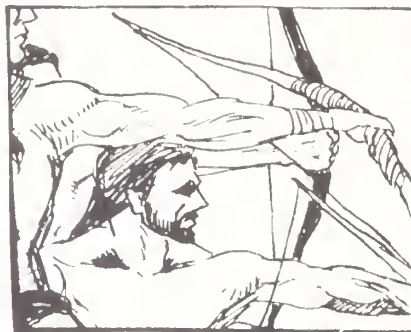
ON the fourth day after the passing of the full moon the sun scaled the mountains, bathing the plains in warmth and spectacular glory. The emerald forest and sparkling blue of the Winding river were surpassed only by the pink clouds, few and distant high above. As the sun god raced into the heavens, a young native perched on a granite cliff, gazed at the contrasting hues of the landscape. A lone eagle swooped down beside him with a small animal in its talons. The boy smiled. This was a sign from the gods.

Today was the start of the hunt and it was his first since his birth fifteen summers ago. He would not run errands or clean hides for those who still called him "boy" ever again. Soon he would show them all and return to the village hauling the mighty carcass of a buffalo or a black boar from the Dark forest. The entire tribe would rush out and claim him Kannor, mighty hunter. Then they would carry him back to the huts shoulder-high.

Calls and horns interrupted his thoughts. Turning, he saw the other men passing through the village gate. Quickly, he scooped up his bow, strapped on his quiver and sprinted after them. His father's party didn't even notice his arrival as they veered away from the others at a steady jog toward the Great plains. The boy had all he could do to keep them in sight. His small stride could not match theirs, but relentlessly he plodded on in their wake.

For nine moons, they trudged across the plains then down into the Valley of the Rain forest where few men had been before. His father was on the trail of some great prize deep within the forest, but of it he told no one. Of this the boy cared little, his bones cracked with every step, the sun scorched his skin and his mouth was caked with the dust of the road. The first few nights he stumbled into the camp hours after the others. Amidst their jeers, he fell asleep

The Hunt - Duncan Coakley



before hitting the ground. Lately, however, he had stayed with the others step for step. They started teasing him less and almost seemed to accept him.

Now that he was accustomed to the long, loping stride that ate miles before sundown, he began to notice his surroundings. The jungle engulfed them as they followed a serpentine trail beneath tangled vines. Sunlight filtered through the floral ceiling tinting all an eerie green. Wild beasts could occasionally be seen wheeling off into the underbrush at the sounds of the approaching party.

On the night of the tenth moon the party stopped beside a small spring and pitched camp. Darkness seemed to rush in and swallow them. Not until a fire was roaring in the middle of the clearing did the young boy put down his bow. Curling close to the flames he ravenously tore into the meat passed to him. Then, content, he lay down beside his father and listened to the boastful tales of the men. His eyes watered as he forced them apart to laugh with the others, finally he submitted to his exhaustion and drifted into dreams.

During the night the boy was awakened by a soft nudge. The boy rolled over and was staring directly into the eyes of a wild beast. He screamed and scrambled away. The others woke gripping their spears and peered into the impregnable night. The boy's father lit a torch and searched the underbrush with a handful

of men. Huddled nervously beside the fire the boy awaited his father who returned and scolded him for the false alarm. The others laughed and suggested that he be left to care for his mother during the next hunt.

Suddenly a fist-sized rock crashed through the vines above and smashed into one man's skull. Blood gushed from the wound like water through a broken dam and his eyes closed forever. A cackling laughter erupted from above and another missile



harmlessly thudded into the dirt. The men blindly released a shower of arrows into the darkness above. A thin wail escaped from the beast as it dropped in the midst of the men. The boy gasped aloud. The beast looked like a small child only covered with dark fur. It was now matted with blood. His father explained that this must be the man-beast of which he had heard so many wild legends. Though their size had obviously been exaggerated. The men stood as still as the ancient trees around them as they examined the strange beast.

The boy heard the snapping of branches behind him. He whirled just as a huge man-beast burst into the clearing. It stood two heads taller than any man the boy had ever seen and it bore fangs the size of speartips. The beast's gaze fell on the small man-beast lying in a pool of crimson. Its eyes flashed red, and pounding its chest savagely, it

screamed in anger or almost pain. The beast loped forward swinging its powerful arms. The boy's father stood his ground, spear in hand, and they crashed together to the ground. The beast's mighty grip locked on the warrior's neck as he tried to jab his knife into the beast's side. They rolled in the dust then straight into the fire. The man screamed and the beast, seeing his chance, smashed a furry fist into the man's head then lunged out of the fire. The boy grimly notched an arrow in his ivory bow as the others rushed past him into the jungle. He watched as his father's body was eaten by the flames and tears flooded to his eyes. The beast snarled fiercely and suddenly sprang for the boy. The boy did not blink but launched the arrow straight past the beast's fangs and deep into its fleshy throat. Blood gurgled from between its lips as it collapsed to the jungle floor.



The young man slowly dropped onto his knees and raising both arms to the heavens he began to wail, "Gods, you are so merciless! I have finally proven myself a man and as a price you take my father...I would give it all back if he would live."

The jungle fell silent.

MEDICARE BLUES

I remember the old Westinghouse plant,
Bob Hanks worked there with Elliot Grant.
So did half of the old neighborhood,
now it's shut down and does us no good.

Ma Dunn used to own the little corner store,
Stop & Shop came, she owns it no more.
The old woman says she's got nothing to lose,
but the shirt on her back and her dusty brown shoes.

The Italian Bakery closed down its doors,
they stopped sweeping flour off the floors.
Dominic said he could no longer pay the rent,
his dream was gone and his money was spent.

The lumberyard owner said he did all he could,
but no one could afford to buy any wood.
Thirty-six workers lost their jobs one day,
Ken Dalton cried as they all walked away.

The mill owner held out his hollow hands,
the production was more than twice the demands,
The union wages sky-rocketed up,
until Jake Jones finally went bankrupt.

Everyone is crying 'cuz now they are poor,
not the same life they once lived before.
Life isn't always the same as you choose,
for now they're singing the Medicare Blues.

- Corka

"INSIDE"

Inside
you are relieved;
the tears have dried.
Though once you grieved.

Released by time,
you now are free
to think ahead
of things to be.

But once you hear
the muffled tone
of passing years,
you feel alone.
Again you hearken
for the past.
The lights have darkened,
But the memory lasts.

- Tom DeFreitas

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DELANE E. ANDERSON JR.
ATTORNEY AT LAW

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